

Tipsy Little Kitten

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Tipsy Little Kitten

by [ChainsawViolin](#)

Summary

Another aspiring fighter challenges Marisa on her home turf, though she'd never had one that drunk until he passed out partway through the fight. Ah well, guess that means she's gotta drag him home before someone trips over him or something

Notes

Mainly based on a silly little twitter conversation about Jamie. I don't like characters that are heavy drinkers but something about his drunken taunts are cute, whenever he falls over I just want to pick him up and wrap him up all cozy-like.

Just meant to be fluffy, though like I said in the tags there's technically some consent issues just about getting dragged off to a stranger's house, even if nothing happens.

Many had come to the Colisseo with high hopes, but only a few had done much to leave much of a real impression.

Marisa wasn't too heartbroken. She was a woman with standards, it was only natural that some wouldn't measure up. It gave her a good workout all the same. She would never object to that! Few things compared to the feeling of battle. To her, it counted as a victory regardless of who walked into the ring.

Something to be said for showmanship, as well. She doubted the audience was too disappointed in her performance. Marisa raised her arms into the air and gestured.

"Is that all?!" She shouted, being sure it was loud enough to command the entire stadium. "Does no one else dare challenge Marisa?!"

Usually, that was enough to goad a few of the shyer sort to come down and try their luck, but as she looked around, nobody moved from their seats. Ah, what a pity. Maybe it was for the best, anyway, she had some work projects that needed a bit more tweaking-

"So you're the one that's got posters all over the place, huh?"

Even without seeing them, a smile lit her face. "Aha! Think you have what it takes, then? Talk is cheap- come and show it to me!"

Lucky her, it seemed he was perfectly willing to do so. On such quick feet that, even when trying to catch sight, he avoided her gaze until making it down to the battlefield proper. He had a roguish smile and a long trail of dark hair that trailed behind him like a dancer's ribbon.

"Hope you're not a sore loser!" He called, drawing his arms back to strike a one-legged pose. "The top player is here!"

If nothing else, Marisa could call him interesting. She thought she'd seen the gamut of fighters that had something to offer, but the world just kept surprising her. Never before had she gone up against a rather springy individual in a gaudy yellow jacket. Though she was much more a jewelry designer than a fashion expert, Marisa found herself distracted by the lurid hue. It at least said something about the sort of individual that chose to wear such a thing with pride. There had to be some form of conviction in it, and she could respect that much.

Likewise, she could respect his fighting style. Someone who shied away from blows like they were afraid of even being struck often felt cowardly, but his movements had a sense of careful panache. She'd quickly gathered that her initial impression of him was something done by choice. The man's movements were loaded with ducks and feints, meant to look like cowardice but instead entirely intentional trickery meant to confuse her. Though she was a lover of powerful physiques and overwhelming force, a scholar's intellect was no small prize, itself.

He was already making quite the impression.

Marisa wished she'd been able to catch his name. Hopefully when they were done, his face wouldn't be too swollen to still talk. He seemed to value the ability to flap his mouth, calling taunts as he danced about.

Between his physical and verbal jabs, the man grabbed for a gourd at his hip. He threw back a container of some kind of drink, and even if she couldn't tell what it was, she could certainly smell it. Were it not for the fact that he was drinking it, the scent would have led her to assume it was some kind of metal varnish, or maybe a floor cleaner. Hmm. It seemed that the more he drank, the harder it was to decipher his movements, and the harder he hit. Was... was he actually drunk? Far be it from her to write off another culture's methods of fighting, but fighting while intoxicated sounded risky, if not outright detrimental.

Ah, well. She could lecture him after the match was over.

"Come now, don't tell me you are done?" She teased.

The way his expression changed told her that he'd been goaded. Though instead of throwing himself into a reckless attack like many would, he teetered back and kept his distance. Out came the gourd again, somehow still not empty as he dumped out another mouthful and messily downed it.

"Iiiii ain't through wih-!"

Something about the way he shifted his weight made it seem like a taunt of his own, but the man was so thoroughly inebriated all the same that, as soon as he did so, he lost balance and faceplanted into the dusty floor.

Marisa covered her mouth to hide a laugh. She resumed her stance and waited for him to regain his footing and continue their spar.

...It did not come.

"Er-" Give the man some credit, it had been a while since she'd been taken off guard like this. Even if it left her open to a counterattack, Marisa dropped her stance and approached. When nothing continued to happen, she nudged one of his arms with a foot. No reaction. He'd actually gone and drank himself to death?!

Ah- no, no, not death. He was still breathing. Just blacked out and snoring like an overstuffed pig. Trying to grapple with an unconscious person was a terribly unsafe concept, or at the very least poor-mannered. She supposed that meant their duel was over on a technicality.

The crowd still applauded, either not knowing or not caring that she hadn't technically 'won.' Well, Marisa had no intention to disappoint an audience. She knelt down and carefully pulled the man from his dirt nap. The sheer amount of noise from the audience still somehow wasn't enough to rouse him. What the heck was in that bottle? Maybe she didn't want to know...

Marisa could haul most people around one-armed, hardly exerting enough effort to even break a sweat, but...good heavens, this one was like a half-empty sack of potatoes. Was that

really all there was to him? There weren't a couple of extra muscles tucked away somewhere that she'd simply managed to miss? Lord help him, he'd blow away with a strong breeze!

Despite that glaring weakness, it made her heart melt. She'd seen milk-drunk kittens teetering on their own little twiggy legs, tentatively shifting back and forth until it was too much to bear and they fell over themselves in a tiny fluffy heap. He reminded her quite a bit of that. A tipsy little kitten.

"Aww..." She cooed, flicking a long strand of black hair from his eyes. "*Il mio gattino...*"

Oh, he'd be back on his way to wherever he'd come from soon enough. Cute as he was, Marisa had no intention to keep him from leaving. It simply felt terribly rude to leave him wasted in the streets of Rome. If he'd come to battle with her, she could treat him as a guest. She had a workshop a few blocks away. Not her main workspace, but it was convenient, and it had a loft to sleep in. That would do just fine.

The sight of a woman hauling the body of an unconscious man through the streets may have been a cause for alarm, but Marisa made for an odd exception. Most people that happened to notice her already had some idea of what was going on, and any that didn't were too intimidated by her to try and jump in out of misplaced well-meaning.

The man hardly stirred the entire trek back. It made things significantly simpler. No need to worry about accidentally dropping him as she let herself in. His skills as a passenger would get no complaints from her, it was easier to get him settled when he didn't try to squirm out of her grip. Marisa knew the basics. A few spare pillows kept the man propped on his side as he continued to snore away. A bucket for the mop was borrowed to put close by him, on the chance he woke up and immediately needed to make use of one. Based on the smell, she could only imagine how much of a hangover that man's liquor could impart after the fact. Perhaps it would be wise to make a brief errand to get some drinks...

The man murmured something incomprehensible in his sleep, fingers twitching until it found part of a blanket to latch onto. Marisa patted his arm and pulled the sheet up higher. With how skinny he was and how little he wore, it wouldn't surprise her if he tended to get chilly rather frequently. Such a scrawny thing...

...and how *adorable*.

Even in such scruffy shape, he had an endearing quality. Perhaps it was simply the charm of having something to take care of...look, everyone had their romantic fantasies, hers just tended to involve sweeping someone off their feet. What were you going to do, sue her? It wasn't as though finding someone big and strong enough to carry *her* was an easy task- and even then, having her feet off the ground made her anxious. She was a romantic at heart, and what romantic couldn't respect the classics? Though it was quite the shame he wasn't aware enough to tell her if he was doing a good job.

As she readjusted the bed to better suit his needs, a distraction took hold. Her focus fell on his unkempt state- more particularly, his wild hair. It had been done up in a nice braid before devolving into its current tangled form. With how he was out like a stone, she supposed it wouldn't be the end of the world to give it a bit of brushing. It could serve to be useful. If

anything, on the chance that he did need to nurse a nasty hangover, having it tied out of his face lessened the likelihood it would be drenched in sick.

Carefully, as to not wake him up, she delicately sat at the other end of the mattress, brush and ties in hand. As she gently started to comb through his wild mane, it was quite clear that he took pride in its care. A rich smell came off of it, managing to overpower the strange boozy odor of his gourd's drink. The strands were silky and clean of grease and dandruff. When she brushed it, they smoothed into a long, pitch-black mat, with no debris or filth to interrupt the continuous river of darkness across the pillow. It hadn't looked like much more than a simple three-strand, and that was easy enough to weave, even for the inexperienced. Marisa took the opportunity to add a bit of her own personal flair. She tucked a few hairpins into the looping pattern as she went, her own creations. Nothing overly-showy, just the perfect bit of metallic gleam to make it look nicer.

Curled on his side, wholly unconscious with a braid draped along his back, the man looked like a sleeping prince in a fairy tale. There was a moment where Marisa considered emulating the story further, but she knew it was indecent. That sort of thing was to be saved for when an aspiring partner had the ability to say no. Her job right now was just to make sure he made it home safe and healthy (and with a bit of lecturing on temperance for good measure). He hadn't asked for it, so she wasn't owed anything. It was just a bit of old-fashioned Greek hospitality.

Still, Marisa hoped he would come back. Then they could have a proper match. Once that was dealt with, she could decide for certain if the *gattino* was marriage material.

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